

# Talmage Sermon

By Rev.  
Frank De Witt  
Talmage, D.D.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 10.—In this sermon the preacher shows that in sickness, as well as in health, God requires our cooperation and the exercise of our faith, and that the divine blessing follows this union of faith and works. The text is Genesis xxx, 20, "And the flocks brought forth cattle, ringed, speckled and spotted." Laban, though a man of wealth and influence among the Hebrews of his day, was yet, like many rich men in our time, mean and unprincipled where a bargain was involved. In his conversation with Jacob the weak points of his character were strikingly revealed. He had two daughters, Leah and Rachel, tender-eyed, but Rachel was very beautiful. In other words, the elder sister was homely and unattractive. She was a maiden lady whom no one cared to marry; her eyes were inflamed, or watery, or "sawed," her disposition was evidently as much askew as her eyes. Jacob was deeply in love with the younger sister, but after he had served seven long years for her old Laban cheated him out of his promised bride and pinned off upon the young man the unattractive elder sister. Then, in order to win the younger sister, Jacob had to serve seven more long years, and as a result he had two wives instead of one.

**Power of the Mind.**  
At the end of his fourteen years of service Jacob prepared to leave his father-in-law's employ. He wanted to take his two wives and go off and build a home of his own somewhere. This, however, Laban did not wish him to do. So the crafty Laban made a contract with Jacob that if he would stay and continue in charge of his herds of cattle and flocks of sheep he, Laban, would give to the young man as payment for his services all the calves and the lambs and the kids that were born ringed or speckled or spotted. Jacob agreed to the bargain. But when he agreed the young man was craftier than the old man. As the father-in-law had been unprincipled with Jacob, so Jacob was unprincipled now with Laban. What did Jacob do? He allowed nature to simply take its usual course? No. He began to scheme and to cunningly influence the colors of the calves, the kids and the lambs about to be born. He took some rods of green poplar and hazel and chestnut and laid these rods of white and black in the watering troughs of the herds and the flocks. Then, when the cows and the sheep came to drink out of the watering troughs, the black and white rods reflected in the water, and to which a startling impression upon them that the calves, kids and lambs born thereafter were influenced by this visual shock, and most of them were ringed and spotted and speckled. Thus Jacob's herds grew larger than Laban's, and the craft of the unprincipled son-in-law overcame the dishonesty of the father-in-law.

After Jacob placed the rods of green poplar and hazel and chestnut in the watering troughs the startling and far-reaching effect produced upon the animals is not to be wondered at. If you place a stick in the water, by the laws of refraction that wood may seem to become a creature of life. I remember when a tad once dropped my fishing pole, and as it lay at the bottom of the brook the ripples made that rod look like a long serpent wriggling or swimming. As these cattle stoop to drink I see them start back as though a venomous hissing snake was lifting up his fatal fangs to strike. My text presents one of the best instances to be found in literature of the far-reaching effect of the mind over the physical body.

**Mental Hallucinations.**  
We may grant today the influence of the mind over the body, but we do not go so far as to assert that all physical diseases or abnormalities are the direct results of mental hallucinations as the stricken, spotted and speckled progeny of the cows, sheep and goats were the result of Jacob's wicked act. We do not advocate the theory that a surgeon's knife is only another name for a butcher's ax, that a modern hospital is only a Satanic incubator, that a medicine bottle is only fabled poison and that sickness is only a synonym for sin; but, as there are thousands and tens of thousands of men and women who honestly believe in "faith cure," pure and simple, as we term that delusion, I have chosen in this sermon to preach on Jesus Christ as the Divine Healer and to show both from a biblical and a common sense standpoint that the surgeon's knife and the physician's prescription have a part in the world's Christianization and civilization as well as the minister's pulpit and the consecrated school-teacher's desk.

The Bible teaches us that faith should always go hand in hand with works. The same divine laws which apply to men in ordinary walks of life apply also to the patient in the invalid's room or upon the hospital operating table. The Christ who stands by the sick bed is the same Christ who accompanies us when, in health and strength, we go forth to fight the great battle of life. Christ wants no drones in the busy human beehives of the world's struggle for daily bread. He wants no drones in the world's struggle for physical health. That straggler ought to be just as commendable in man's sight as is the struggle for daily bread. In the final extremity, when all human effort is exhausted, we may look to God alone; but until that point is reached we must both work and pray; work ceaselessly, and bravely, and hopefully, and invoke the divine blessing on our labors.

**Works and Faith.**  
But, though the whole trend of the Bible points that works and faith, as twin sisters, should go hand in hand in the struggle of the waters of physical health, yet faith curists blind their eyes and stop their ears to these biblical teachings. They get a hold on

one little passage of Scripture and separate it from all its surrounding connections. As a sweet morsel they turn it over and over and over again. They magnify it. They distort it, and then they rest their entire belief upon it. These people may be good at heart, but they treat Scripture somewhat as a famer reformer did in the noted meeting he had with John Calvin in Munich, I believe, in about the year 1540. After he had valiantly helped to fight the battle of the reformation to a glorious and a successful issue he still clung tenaciously to the doctrine of transubstantiation. That doctrine, in plain language, means that when we drink of the communion wine and eat of the communion bread we literally are drinking of Christ's blood and eating of Christ's body. The other school of theologians thought held that when we assemble at the communion table we only eat of Christ's body and drink of Christ's blood in symbol. We eat and drink in symbol, as the lamb's blood shed upon the Jewish altar was the symbol of Christ's blood about to be shed for us. This battle over transubstantiation raged bitterly for years between the two schools of religious thought.

In order to bring this theological conflict to a close the two schools peremptory to the two leaders, John Calvin and this mighty man, to meet and discuss the theological questions at issue. What did this famer reformer do at that conference? History tells us that he brought along a tablecloth, upon which were embroidered these six words, taken from the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew: "Take, eat; this is my body." Then he placed that cloth over a table and simply rested his hand upon it and said nothing. No matter what arguments were brought forward, he answered nothing. All that he did was to point to the one sentence written upon the table. "Take, eat; this is my body." "But," said John Calvin, "Christ said, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.' Are you going to take that sentence literally? Does that sentence imply that Jesus is a stick?" But the reformer would answer nothing. All that he did was to point to the one sentence upon the table, which read, "Take, eat; this is my body." So in the same way the faith curists pure and simple will not accept the trend of the Bible's teachings. They will not compare passage with passage. They will not see that every leaf of every chapter of every book of the Bible teaches that faith must go hand in hand with works. They will not see that it is almost impossible to find an incident where Christ healed the sick unless at the same time he compelled action upon the part of those whom he would physically help.

**The Divine Physician.**  
Did not Christ compel action upon the part of him that was blind? After he had anointed the blind eyes with a moist clay did he not say unto the young man, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam?" He went his way, therefore, and washed and came seeing. Did not Christ compel action upon the part of the ten lepers? "Go show yourselves unto the priests." And it came to pass as they went they were cleansed. Did not God compel the leper Naaman to leave the camp Damascus and dip seven times in the Jordan before his flesh became like unto that of a little child? I am not here advocating any heretical idea that Christ cannot and will not in many cases heal our physical diseases, but I assert that as a people we have no more right to expect the Divine Physician to answer our prayers for health without any co-operative effort on our part than we have a right to expect our Divine Commissary to give us our daily bread without our working for it. We have just as much right to kneel down at night and say the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," and then in our eagerness to expect next morning a visionary breakfast to jump out of a visionary fire and sizzle upon a visionary broiler and the water faucet to fill the pot with visionary coffee or the goat to tumble the empty bread tray down the dunny filled with visionary hot toast as we have to expect the sick to be made well without our own effort upon which divine blessing has been invoked—faith to reach, upon works; works always in the invalid's room; to go hand in hand with faith.

**Job's Comforters.**  
Faith cure teachers pure and simple are not only contrary to Scripture's common sense, but also antagonistic to the commendations with which the Bible again and again honors human medicine and the physician's prescriptions. The only passage in the Bible which in any way might be construed by the casual reader as a slur upon doctors and drugs is that one so often quoted by faith curists from the words found in the book of Job: "Ye are forgers of lies. Ye are all physicians of no value." But Job is not here alluding to true physicians at all. This sentence is a figure of speech. Job had lost patience with his three friends, Eliphaz, Zophar and Bildad. These three friends, instead of comforting him in his time of trouble, came around with enough groans and wailings to make a well man sick or a sick man still sicker. They asserted that Job's boils were the results of his sin, and Job, in disgust, plainly told them if they could bring no better comfort than that they had all better clear out. Instead of groaning around Job as they did they ought to have spoken words of true comfort to him, as did Christ in his remarks about the blind man when he said, "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but" and every marriage altar and at every funeral. With him the village church bell sounded a dirge almost as often as it chimed for a wedding. We knew not when we loved him the most, when he was gathering the rosebuds in the garden of the nativity or intertwining the orange blossoms or placing the white lily alongside of the pale cheek in the casket. There was a kind of religious rattle in his old gait. That child was the most envied of the village who could sit by his side and hold the reins over the back of the old mare, that seemed to be just as old as the doctor and to know just as many family secrets, yet it could not gossip any more than did its master. When the boy was in trouble this kind old doctor would place his fatherly hand upon the lad's shoulder and give him advice. The young maiden would smile under the twinkle of his fatherly eye as he chatted to her of her first sweetheart. Even the bees would buzz louder and the dogs bark more happily, and their tails would wag faster as the doctor drove along. We remember the old black bag he always carried and the long white bandages he placed about the splints when we fell off the hayrack and broke our arm. The strange looking bottles filled with pills, bottles that all looked alike and the pills, too, seemed to be the same.

When the minister on the Sabbath day entered the pulpit and gave out the first hymn down the church aisle the good old doctor would walk. He was always a little late for services. Doctors are always a little late. I think that is part of their education. It is never dignified for a doctor to be on time. In prayer meeting we loved to hear the good doctor pray. We have heard a good many great and noted ministers pray in our time, but we always thought the old doctor prayed better than any. He seemed to be so near to God—he had seen so much trouble. When the poor family over the hill was starving he brought them food out of his own pocket. We never knew how much good he did until after the

**An Honored Profession.**  
If the Bible does not honor the medical profession why did Christ use as

illustration this sentence for one of his sermons? "They that be well need not a physician, but they that are sick." Does not that divine statement mean, "They that are sick need a physician?" When Hozekiah was sick unto death he prayed to God to give him a longer lease of life. God answered that prayer. But how? Through human medicine. Isaiah, the prophet, told the nurse to make a poultice of figs and put it upon the king's boil, and he recovered. Hozekiah prayed. Oh, yes. But in answer to that prayer God told him to use a sanctified poultice. What did Paul mean when he wrote to Timothy to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake?" Paul was merely prescribing a dose of medicine for a sick colleague. Paul writes thus to Timothy, because the Holy Land with but few exceptions is noted for its impure waters, therefore Paul as a common sense Christian, prescribes a little medicine when he says, "Drink no water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." All through the Bible we find commendatory passages like these in reference to doctors. In no case do we find the medical profession antithetical and ridiculed in the Bible. Tyndall, the noted synthetic philosopher, once hurled at the Christian church his famous prayer challenge. Said he: "Let us set apart two wards in a hospital—one to be filled with men who do not take any human medicine but prayer, the other to be filled by sick patients under the care of competent physicians. Then let us compare results and see which is the more efficacious—a physician's prescription or a clergyman's prayer." My brother, that challenge of Tyndall was about as foolish and superstitious as any challenge that could possibly be issued. No man has a right to bar the Christian physicians out of the hospital ward. God honors the physician's work all through the Bible. Faith should go hand in hand with works. Works in the hospital should go hand in hand with faith.

**Scriptural Common Sense.**  
Again, faith cure pure and simple, if accepted in its entirety of belief, would call a halt to the laboratory investigations made for prevention of disease as well as the physician's cures of those diseases after they have come. It would say to Edward Jenner: "Your discovery of vaccination is useless. Disease is a condition of the mind, not of the body. Let needless smallpox start again if it will. The \$500,000 voted to you by the British house of parliament as the greatest benefactor of your generation was a nonsensical gift, for you have been a curse to the human race instead of a blessing." It would say to Pasteur: "Savant, your inoculation for hydrophobia is itself a species of madness. If the people would only trust God and do nothing the bite of the dog afflicted with rabies would be a tonic instead of death." It would say to Koch of Berlin and Finson of Norway: "Foolish men, why hunt the bacilli of consumption and cancer with the penetrating eye of the microscope? God will and can cure disease. God will ask him. Let us pray that all these evil bacilli give one gasp and die, and they will die. The prevention of disease is entirely the work of the prayer chamber, not of the scientist's laboratory." Is such advice as that rational? Is it in accord with the laws of Scriptural common sense? Are all the results of Dr. Maillet's investigations to go for naught? In 1832 this famous physician, who died in 1894, was a surgeon in the French army, stationed in Algeria. At that time one in every three and a half men sent by the French government across the Mediterranean died of African fever. Dr. Maillet went on in his investigation until at last by prescribing quinine to the African recruits the death rate in the French army of Algeria was changed from one in every three and one-half men to one in every twenty men. Are all the sanitary investigations for the purification of the city water supplies made by bacteriologists to go for naught? If you stop the work of the physicians curing diseases, then you must also stop the scientific investigations of the physicians trying to prevent diseases.

**The Poor Man's Helper.**  
To most of the old fashioned doctor yet lives in the memory of our village childhood. He knew every family secret for miles around. He had heard the family skeleton rattling in many a dark closet. He was at every birth, at every marriage altar and at every funeral. With him the village church bell sounded a dirge almost as often as it chimed for a wedding. We knew not when we loved him the most, when he was gathering the rosebuds in the garden of the nativity or intertwining the orange blossoms or placing the white lily alongside of the pale cheek in the casket. There was a kind of religious rattle in his old gait. That child was the most envied of the village who could sit by his side and hold the reins over the back of the old mare, that seemed to be just as old as the doctor and to know just as many family secrets, yet it could not gossip any more than did its master. When the boy was in trouble this kind old doctor would place his fatherly hand upon the lad's shoulder and give him advice. The young maiden would smile under the twinkle of his fatherly eye as he chatted to her of her first sweetheart. Even the bees would buzz louder and the dogs bark more happily, and their tails would wag faster as the doctor drove along. We remember the old black bag he always carried and the long white bandages he placed about the splints when we fell off the hayrack and broke our arm. The strange looking bottles filled with pills, bottles that all looked alike and the pills, too, seemed to be the same.

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In all the nostrils.  
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**The Concentrated Doctor.**  
One day the news was flying over the country roads, "The doctor, the good doctor is sick!" Was it not too bad that he could not prescribe for himself and take his own medicine? If he had we & he would have become well. But he could pray. How he did pray in his own sickness! Then one day the news went over the country roads that the old doctor was dead! While we were gathering in the home where lay the worn-out body of the good old physician I can imagine that the good doctor went up to the gates of the New Jerusalem and timidly knocked. The gatekeeper called out, "Who is there?" The old Christian answered, "Only a poor, worn-out village doctor, who is advancing in Christ's name. Can I come in?" Then the Lord God Almighty from his throne called out, "Let him in! Let him in! Let the village doctor come in!" And the angels in the celestial choir began to chime, "Let him in! Let the village doctor come in!" Then all the redeemed spirits over whose earthly deathbeds he had hovered cried: "Let him in! Let our village doctor come in!" Then Christ himself, the great Physician, came forth and led the worn-out man to one of the highest thrones in heaven as he said: "Come in, friend. Come in. This is your throne. For I was sick and ye visited me."

Will you not believe in such a concentrated physician? Will you not believe that by the sick bed faith can go hand in hand with works and the surgeon's knife and that the physician's prescriptions have a part in the civilization and the Christianization of the world? And will you, O physician, be a Christian doctor, as well as you, O layman, a Christian patient? All honor, then, to our Christian physicians, whose calling and office are thus divinely consecrated, and may a blessing rest upon their earnest efforts for the alleviation of the physical afflictions of the human race.  
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**Genius and Matrimony.**  
According to Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, the way to be happy, though a genius, is never to marry. "The poet's wife," said Mrs. Clark in a recent address, "does not cure for poetry after the first week, any more than the grocer's boy does for figs. She never wishes to tell of the neighborhood's gossip but she in turn, she great thought of her husband's; then he imagines he is the benefactor of sympathy and looks for it in the wives and daughters of his neighbors, and if he be handsome he usually finds it." The genius should not marry. A woman wants her husband not his art. Genius is a luxury. In order to be a genius it is necessary to be a genius in a world of deep enmities. It is hard for people of ardent temperament to conform to ordinary rules. This divorce, suicides, drunkenness and impulsive vices are found among people of genius. The inexpressible temperament seems to be absolutely necessary to art.

**"Auld Beld of Ayr."**  
The "Auld Beld of Ayr" immortalized by Burns, is at last falling into decay after a useful existence of over 600 years. Burns, it is said, says to his new rival who prophesied it as being old fashioned and out of date, "I'll be a brig when ye're auld beld of Ayr." His supporters are now crumbling. An architect reports that it will soon collapse unless it be shored up and renewed. He is trying to induce the town council of Ayr to appropriate \$3,000 for its preservation. The council is willing to act, it is said, but is delaying over a question of whether the money should come from taxation or be taken from a bequest long ago made for the purpose. The validity of this is undecided.

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## NEW YORK STREETS.

HOW SOME OF THE OLD ONES GAINED THEIR NAMES.

**Trinity Church Had More to Do With Bestowing Them Than All Other Authorities Combined—The Reason Broadway Killed Hudson Street.**

The churchwardens of old Trinity church had more to do with naming the streets in the lower part of old New York than all other authorities combined. To be sure, the quaint burgo masters, before the first Trinity church was built, after hearing the pros and cons of landowners, found names for many streets significant of certain established facts, for streets and byways below Maiden lane on the easterly side of the Hoer street, afterward changed to Great George street, in honor of King George, by the authorities of Trinity. Then our patriots ignored the name and called it Bloomingdale road and then the Broad way, simplified into Broadway.

The present Trinity church, at the head of Wall street, is the third edifice of that name, the two preceding structures erected upon the same ground having been burned, but the first was one of the first churches erected in this city, and Trinity has always been the wealthiest corporation, patronized by the richest and most influential families for ages. The churchwardens of this church had their own way about naming the streets from the church to what is now Twenty-third street, west of Broadway, along the Hudson river front, because they owned that immense property.

In the olden time Queen Anne of England owned what was known as the Queen's farm, which covered the land commencing at St. Paul's church and extending to what is now Twenty-third street, bounded by Broadway on the east and the Hudson river on the west.

Vestry street was so styled by Trinity because the church had a vestry in that street between Hudson and Green streets. Church street was so called because it bounded the west side of St. Paul's churchyard. Rector street was named after the residence of the rector of Trinity. Barclay and Vesey streets were named after two clergymen of the church.

Trinity's officers determined that the main artery of the city should run through its land, and grounded in their belief in their ability to carry out their intention, Hudson street was laid out. St. John's park and many other improvements were offered as inducements to purchasers of land, and St. John's chapel was erected and finished in 1833, one of the handsomest pieces of church architecture in the city. Trinity counted without an expression of the majority of the people and failed in its endeavor.

The arrogance of the church fretted the good people, and more to spite the churchwardens than because Broadway was nearer the center of the city, Broadway acquired the preference, and the glory of Hudson street departed, never to return.

It has been remarked that the streets laid out by Trinity on the farm are all perfectly straight, while many in the lower part of the city are wonderfully crooked. The explanation of this lies in the fact that, centuries ago, a small hill existed on the farm, while below there were crooked lanes and byways, to say nothing of cow paths, were turned into streets, which ran in devious ways around hills, valleys and swamps. Many streets were named after the owners of property adjacent to or through which the ways were laid.

Moore street was originally the line of the first wharf erected in the city. Colonel Moore was formerly a large owner of the lots when first built upon. John street was named after John Harpending, who resided in Broadway and John street when first laid out passed through his garden. Cortlandt, Bay and Beekman streets were named after the property of the men after whom they were named. Ann street was named after Ann Beekman, Vandewater, Roosevelt, Rutgers, Gouverneur, Harrison, Lispenard, Bayard, De Lancey, Livingston and Willet streets were named after the de Lances, because they passed through the property of people bearing those names.

Hooper street was named after one of the Bayard family and Catharine after Catharine Rutgers. Henry street was named after a son of the Rutgers family, and Jacob street bounded the Jacob Leister estate. Frankfort street was also a boundary of the same estate. Leister was a native of Frankfurt, James street was named after a member of the De Lancey family, as was also Oliver street. Batavia lane was so called because the Roosevelt estate, through which this street was run, was called New Batavia.

Division line between the De Lancey and Rutgers farms. Leonard street was named after one of the Lispenards and Orchard street was cut through the orchard of the De Lancey farm. Sheriff street was called after Sheriff Willet, through whose estate it was carried. Mangan and Goreck streets were named after the two city surveyors who laid out the river line.

The first mayor of New York after the Revolution, a true patriot, was James Duane, who was honored by the naming of Duane street after him. Elm, Orange and Mulberry streets were laid out through public property in the vicinity of the Collier pond and owe their names to the peculiarities they suggest. Cherry street was originally run through "the road by the cherry trees" and named accordingly. —New York Herald.

**A SIBERIAN BLIZZARD.**  
Life in a Snowy Prison at Thirty-Below Degrees Below Zero.

A blizzard on the Siberian desert is a dreadful thing. The author of "In Search of a Siberian Klondike" tells of being overtaken by a severe snowstorm. The dogs lost sight of the trail, and the snow came down so heavily they could hardly see the leading dogs, and it was deemed the safest thing to stop and endeavor to protect them selves as much as possible from the storm.

With our snowshoes we dug down six feet to the ground, making an ex-

cavation about eight feet square. Placing the three sledges round the edge of the hole, we banded them in the snow; then we took a tarpaulin from one of the sledges and with walrus hide rope improvised a sort of roof over our dugout.

The dogs dug holes in the snow and settled down comfortably to sleep. They were almost immediately covered with snow.

At this time the thermometer stood 35 below zero. We could not tell whether it was actually snowing or whether the snow was only being driven by the wind; but, at any rate, the air was filled with it, and the prospect was anything but exhilarating. We lined the bottom of the hole with furs, got our sleeping bags and prepared for a long sleep.

As we were without fuel, we had to eat cold food. Frozen reindeer meat taken raw is not an appetizing dish, but this, together with hard bread and pounded soup balls, formed our diet for the next few days. In this snowy prison we were held for four days, and we were obliged to climb out every three or four hours and relieve the tarpaulin of the weight of snow. Our furs were damp, caused by our breath, which congealed and thawed again from the warmth of the body. To say the very least, we were extremely uncomfortable.

At last it got so bad that I gave orders to burn one of the sledges, and that day we feasted on hot tea.

To wile away the tedious hours I gave my arctic friends some lessons in astronomy, using snowballs as object lessons. On the side of our excavation I made a rough bas-relief of the great Masonic temple in Chicago. They looked at it very politely, but I could see that they took me for the past master of lying.

I told them all about elections, telephones, phonographs and railroads, and gathered from their expressions that they thought I had gone mad from the cold and exposure. They looked at one another and muttered, "Duroc! Duroc!" which is Russian for crazy.

**Decline of Golden Weddings.**

Attending the frequency of golden weddings in these times are the articles displayed in certain shops of a special suitability for gifts on such occasions. In making them the best quality of silver is used, and then there is an overlay of fourteen carat gold. So in all that meets the eye the gift will be of pure gold. Probably it will wear, too, over a good many years and descend to other generations as heirlooms to be treasured carefully. The more carefully, it is very probable, because in days to come golden weddings may be more uncommon than now. The business of cutting off in their prime marriages that, if all went well, should reach the half century mark is in such a flourishing condition in the divorce courts that golden weddings must be rarer in another fifty years. —Boston Transcript.

**The German Westminister Abbey.**

Emperor William has begun giving commissions to Berlin sculptors for monuments to be placed in the hall of fame of the cathedral, now approaching completion and designed to become the German Westminister abbey. The first order for the sculpting of Prince Bismarck, was given to Professor Bogas. The emperor examined and approved the sketches before leaving Berlin. One of the reliefs represents the reunion of Germany through Prince Bismarck, with the figure of Germania on a throne, the genius of Peace standing by and a procession of German princes approaching with King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, King Albert of Saxony and the Grand Duke of Baden, etc. At the head of the procession is a page, kneeling, with an imperial crown on a cushion, which he presents to Germania.

**Pay in the Japanese Army.**

The pay of the Japanese soldiers would hardly tempt a foreign enlistment, and even the grocer's "brookie" in the United States army would think twice before he gave up his \$13 a month for the 2 cents a day which a Japanese private receives. When a private becomes a corporal his pay is advanced to 6 cents a day, and when he reaches a sergeant's rank he gets 10 cents for his twenty-four hours' duty. A first sergeant makes double this sum, and an extra service sergeant is the happy possessor of 30 cents each day. This is as high as an enlisted man can rise without being a graduate of the military officers' school.—Leslie's Weekly.

**AN INDIAN DUEL.**

**The Famous Fight Between Chief Carpenter and Price.**

"The methods of fighting duels among the Indians," said an old frontiersman, "were varied, each tribe having its own peculiar custom. Some of the tribes earned to fight according to the code of the white man, however, among these the Choctaws or Cherokee, which reminds me of the famous duel in July of 1833, when the celebrated Chocaw chief, Carpenter, fought near the Pine Creek Indian agency with a white man named Price. Chief Carpenter was a splendid type of Indian, tall and straight and comely, and he had been well educated and had natural talents and natural instincts that put him head and shoulders over his Indian associates.

"As usual, this trouble was started by a disagreement over some trivial matter, which caused a dispute and ended in the white man calling his red brother a liar. Throughout the trouble the big Indian had remained perfectly calm, although considerably angered, and as the insult felt he gazed coldly into the eyes of Price and said: "Your blood shall wash out that word."

"Whenever you're ready, say the word," cried Price. You can do your washing right here and now if you please."

"Not now, sir, but tomorrow morning, when the sun peeps over the top of that wild pine tree, you must be here and without fail."

"The report of the duel spread far and wide, and at an hour considerably before sunrise a large crowd had gathered on the dueling ground to witness the encounter. Price was the first on the field, and for a time it looked as if there would be no Carpenter. But true to his Indian blood, the chief dis-

claimed coming too soon at the appointed place as much as he would have feared coming too late, and it was just as the first rays of the sun stole over the soft green of the tree that the red man stood in place. Not a word was spoken by either man. Both drew their pistols, and, raising the weapons, they fired almost simultaneously. Carpenter reeled, but with a mighty effort checked a tendency to spin round, and, staggering, fired as the crack of his opponent's pistol sounded for the second time. This time Price jumped high in the air and landed on his face stone dead.

"With a wild shout the crowd pressed forward to surround the lucky chief, but before aid could reach him he fell senseless. Price had been shot through the heart, clean as a whistle, a remarkable shot considering the condition of the Indian when he made it, and a shot Carpenter could have made in the first place without a doubt had he been as determined to kill as Price proved himself when his bullet buried itself in the Indian's breast."

**The Vice of Naggat.</**